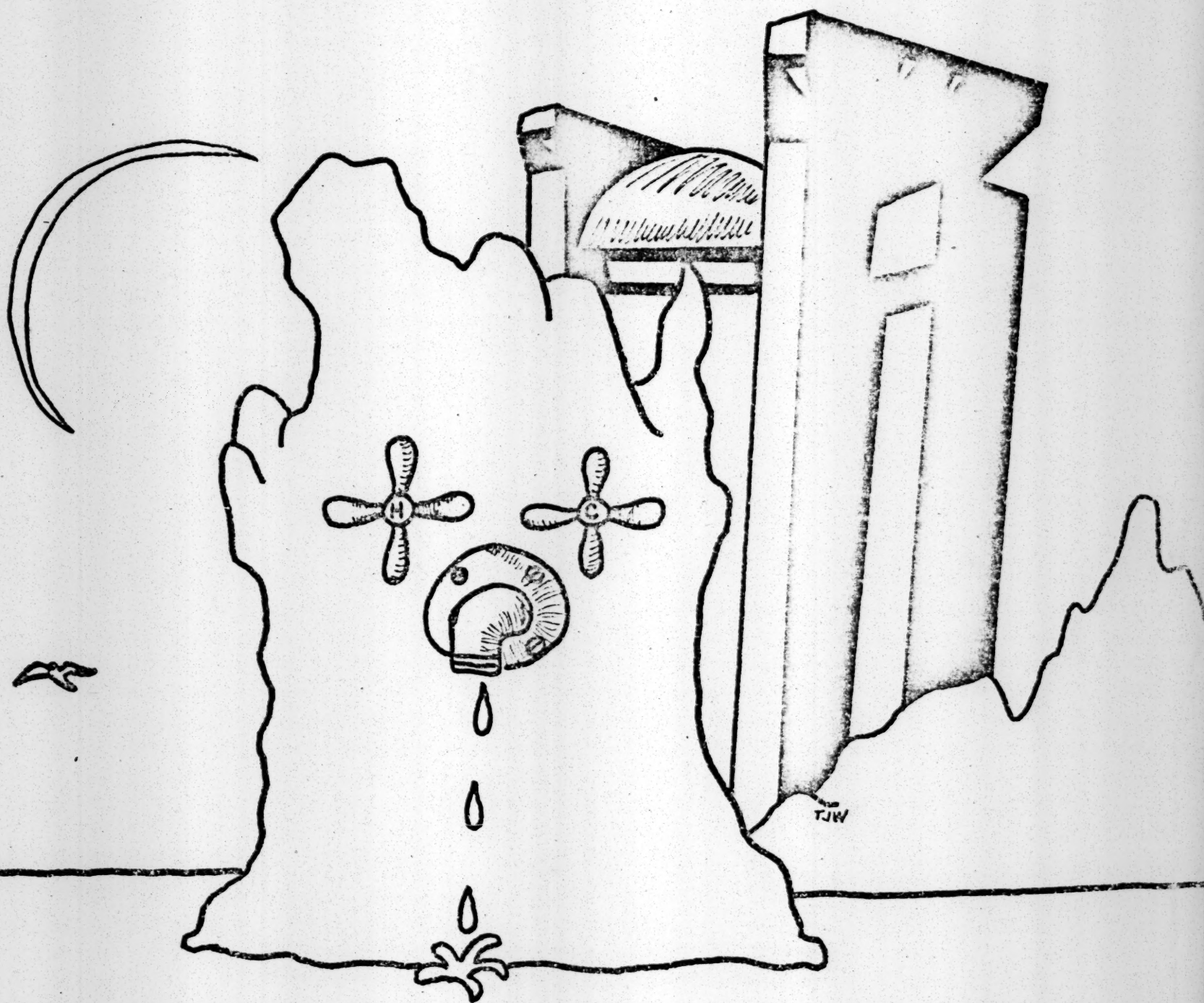
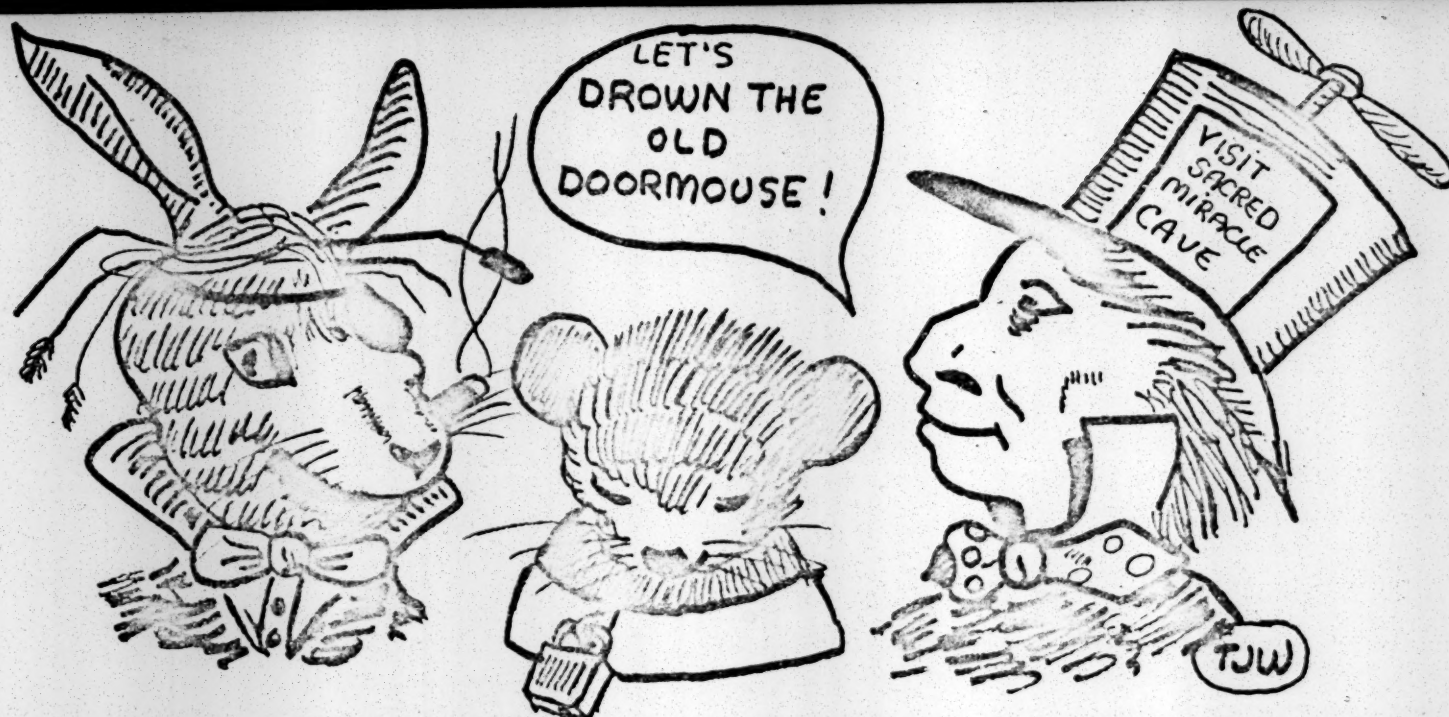


BTB - WONDERLAND REVISITED



Issue #1: Through the Leak
or
Prout Fishing on the Riverworld



BEYOND THE BARRIER/Wonderland Revisited is published most irregularly by Thomas J. Walsh at 102 Prospect Avenue, Irvington, New Jersey 07111. It is available for almost anything including trades, locs, reviews, praise, etc. It is also sent out at the whim of the editor (me). Chances are, if you are getting this copy, you'll get others...unless you beg me to stop. [Conditions are subject to radical change without notice.]

This first issue is dedicated to all those who have influenced my development, especially those who have made this past year bearable for me: Birgitte Barchas, Al Costanza, Jim Duncan, Laurie Rawn, Kingston Kane, Jackie Hilles, Bud Webster, Will Norris, and Margot Adler. Also to those who gave encouragement on my first venture of this sort: Rose Hogue and Reed Andrus.

"For thirty years, Doctor, I've wrestled with reality and I'm pleased to announce that I've finally won out." - Elwood P. Dowd

Please note that the Morgan Delt Cabal of the POEE is now extinct. Another Cabal has been formed in its stead. The new Cabal is less public than the MDC. Interested persons can write the editor but it probably won't do any good. [The general feeling was that, since the beans were spilled in the proverbial manner (see THE ILLUMINATUS trilogy by R. Shea & R.A.Wilson), it was necessary to retreat to a more esoteric position.]

After much tedious and soul-wrenching study I have come to the conclusion that life on a dying planet is either horrifying or abysmally dull, depending upon your point of view (i.e. Cleveland, Ohio = horror, Cosmic Mistake, Utah = boredom). To spare myself the pain connected with this "Official Reality" I have decided to view this whole mess as the Cosmic Absurdity and shall liberally create things I'd like to see present. I suppose that I shall deal with the more serious subjects but I shall attempt to limit such actions. Any advice or comments are most welcome.

The question in my mind right now is: "Why do I write?"

An interesting question. It is unfortunate that I do not have a suitably interesting answer. I shall, of course, attempt here to search for such an answer. The best place to begin, I suppose, is at the root of creativity itself.

I recall an infamous creative writing class I attended in college. The professor was convinced that writing was an attempt at immortality. I have trouble with that answer for a number of reasons...

- A. It seems to stop just a hair's breadth short of a Freudian explanation (i.e. the pen is a phallic symbol and the desire to write is rechannelled lust, or some such nonsense, thereby making the completed work the child, whose job it is to perpetuate the parent's memory throughout the forthcoming ages.) Anyone who knows me also knows of my feelings regarding the theories of 'that nut with the beard'.
- B. If the writer is striving for immortality why is it that so much of what is written is garbage. Even if it does outlive the author the memory it carries would not be wished for by any but a fool. I'll allow you to discount those who write solely for money...H.L.Menken explained that one.
- C. Why is it that so many beginning writers commit suicide?
- D. If the object is immortality why write? You'd have a better chance if you would get a degree in biophysics or biochemistry, work at immortality research, and contact such groups as the DNA society (mailing address: P.O.Box 317, Berkeley, CA. 94704). [For those interested you might read the latest works of Doctor Timothy Leary and THE IMMORTALITY FACTOR by Osborne Segerberg Jr.]

I know that one reason I write is to communicate with others. In communications I can make myself known to others and influence them. In turn, they influence me. As Joseph Chilton Pearce wrote: "Culture is not an autonomous venture; autistic thinking remains autistic until modified by another mind which is also modified by the relation. But the capacity and drive to create a culture is innate. It is an enormous formative potential that realizes itself against the most extreme odds." [from: THE CRACK IN THE COSMIC EGG, Julian Press 1971]

Poul Anderson and Arthur Clarke have put off their writings as a search for something to make their bills go away. It is a cute answer but also unacceptable. They both could have made more money by becoming bankers or writing Gothic romances. It is something more. There is that "enormous formative potential". Is the act of creation the most powerful drive of the human spirit? Knut Hamsun once stated that he wrote to "kill time". Another cute answer but just as improbable as the others.

Henry Miller said of writing : "it is a way of approaching life indirectly, of acquiring a total rather than a partial view of the Universe." When asked how poems are made Amy Lowell said, "I don't know." I'll settle for both of these answers, for now, with one exception. A writer must have a certain fascination for the language. Alan Watts is a perfect example of a person who rejoiced (re-Joyced?) in the playing with words.

The difference between Miller and Watts is that Miller opted for creation of the world while Watts chose to create a different perspective from which to view an already accepted reality. Closer inspection will show these two methods to be very similar. Miller's worlds are based upon an accepted reality and it is mainly the vision ports, constructed for our observations, which are his creation. So it is that with a non-fiction writer, such as the late Alan Watts, we can see the same motives.

Alan Watts styled himself a "philosophical entertainer". Implied in that statement is the need for audience response not only on the level of speakers fees and book sales but on a deeper level of being: The need to influence, and be influenced by, the audience.

The reason for any artistic endeavor seems to be a terrible need to shout into the canyon with the hope, and fear, that the canyon will return something else. Or perhaps a Xerox machine which turns out something other than what it was fed.

The humility of writers [Don't laugh! Usually they are. The egotism (true or act) of a Harlan Ellison isn't bad. (I dare anyone to say he isn't a damn good artist) It merely supports the idea that all true artists artify (How's that for a new verb?) from a burning desire to do so deep within themselves.] is nice in polite society but it doesn't hold water. Writers do not endure the pains of creation simply to pay their electric bills or kill time.

The psychologists, and other would-be social engineers, try to get it all down to the underlying, pseudo-mathematical formula. This usually comes out as something along the lines of: [He/She] [wrote/painted/composed] this because [he/she] wanted to [rape/be raped by] [his/her] [father/mother/brother/sister/Collie/coffee table]. It invariably goes on to discuss the individual bits of the work in the same manner. "The heroine is transported from the ship to the planet surface to the accompaniment of a loud clink because the author had a [desire to rape/fear of being raped by] the milkman." All of which makes for remarkably funny reading (and astounding insights into the mind of the psychologist) but really doesn't explain anything, except that the accepted psychological world view is slightly warped.

The fact is that any scientific or pseudo-scientific (Behaviorist, Freudian, etc) examination is inherently faulty because it relies on logic (as in science) or a cheap imitation of logic ("Those other fields", he said recoiling at the mere thought of contact.)

The act of creation, on the other hand (I love cliché phrases, don't you?), has its birth in a place (time? It?) beyond logic. Thus we have the "lateral" ('autistic eruptions') "and vertical thinking" ('logic') of Edward de Bono.

Now everyone's going to start screaming. "Edward de Bono's a scientist so where do you get off saying that the creative act can't be explained scientifically?" Lateral thinking does not explain the act of artification (the noun of the verb to artify... I like it. For me, it fills a gap. I'm going to use it!). It simply names a still unexplained process.

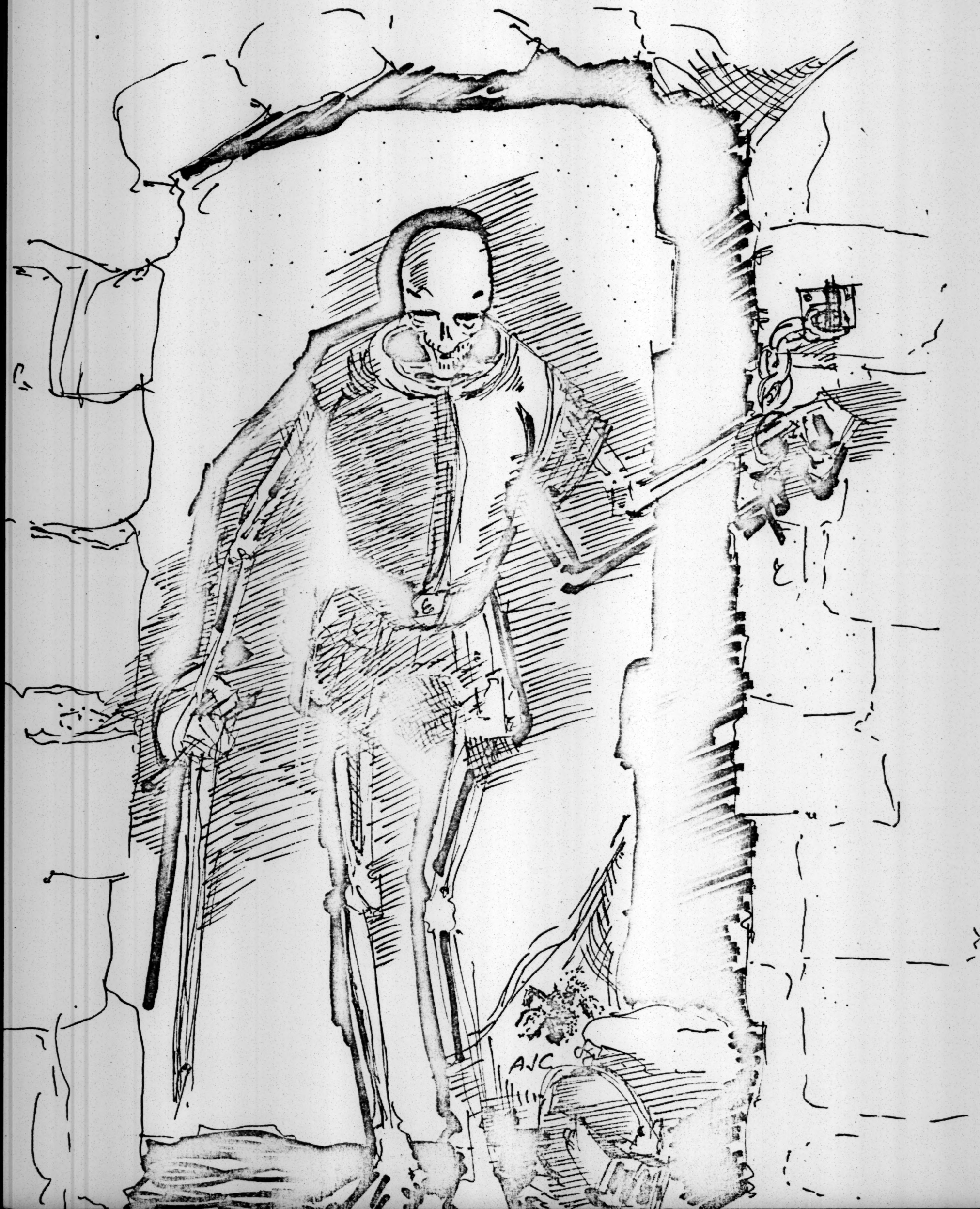
As far as I can see, it will remain an unexplained process. It's beyond explanations. It is the sound of one hand clapping, the sight of your own eye, the smell of your nose. The sound of your own ear. It is too integral a part of the human experience to be objectively observed.

The ancient Greeks used the words "know thyself". (The same sentiment has come down to us, through the intervening periods and cultures, in a variety of forms. The latest of which is, I insist, "fuck you". Clearly similar, in logic and physical ability, to "hear your ear". And also implying "know thyself".) That's all very well for them to say. Endeavoring to do so is somewhat of an illuminating experience but, when you realize it's easier to peel an onion, you're lost! (At which point the real illumination occurs or you commit suicide...at this point I'm unsure which of these acts is the ultimate illumination, but, no matter.) It's all an onion!

So the power behind artification exists but is beyond solid comprehension. We view our reality through our language so this power will have a place in our reality...real-ized by such words as "autistic eruptions", "lateral thinking", and "the Power"...but, since it is not substantially identified by these terms (merely alluded to), it will lack substance and continue to be an amorphous denizen of reality. (Reference to it as "God", "angels", "devils", etc, etc, etc. will, if coupled with firm belief, render it solid... for the individual believer, anyway.)

All of which leads me back to the question I began this piece with: "Why do I write?" You should all know the answer by now. To kill time, of course!

REWARD: Free 2 year subscription to this thing for the first person who sends me a copy of the December 1975 FANTASTIC. Well...let's make that 3 years. Any takers?



Sherry Parries:

Personal Political Paroxysms

[a.k.a. BIER MUTTERINGS, Cryptic messages and dead issues.]

BEING DIVERSE COMMENTS UPON THE CONTENTS OF POUL ANDERSON'S
'BEER MUTTERINGS' COLUMN OF OUTWORLDS #26 AND SUNDRY OTHER THINGS.

Due to the fact that no one has yet satisfactorily explained what exactly the United States is I must refrain from real comment. The most I can do is state that I am a libertarian, that I cannot stomach liberal thought, that I see Communism not as a threat but as a bad joke gone sour, that I respect Conservatives, that I disagree with most Conservatives on many important issues, that I think the present government of the U.S. is in 'a heap o' trouble', that I believe in the rights of minorities, that I believe the only minority is the individual, that any government which does not support the individual has no right to exist, that any government which practices censorship is not respecting the individual, that I heartily disagree with the welfare-idea, that I wouldn't trust a banker or politician as far as I can throw them, that I believe taxes to be immoral and illegal, and that I could not care less how others feel about these ideas. Add to that the fact that I have sincere doubts as to the right of existence of any government and that I cannot, for the life of me, understand why people can't get along and you will have some notion of where I am coming from.

At the present time I have plans to use this space in future issues of BTB/WR for the discussion of, what is known as, the important issues. Comments are always welcome..."t'ain't nothin' like a good ol' knock-down-drag-out".

If I must rationalize this from the point of view of Science Fiction I would have to state it thusly: SF deals with where we are going [that foreign land to which we are all being inexorably drawn... the future....does anyone know who said that first? I heard it from John Brunner but I know he didn't originate it. "And if I must go I'd rather go as a tourist with a guidebook than as a refugee." or something like that.] based upon where we have come from and are, at the present. The fact is that, SF is doing some pretty great stuff, it is sadly lacking in imaginative social structures, for the most part. [I shuddered to use the words 'social structures' but it fits. Ever read The Foundation Trilogy lately...maybe the cult of the priest/scientist is what is taught in the sacred caverns under the Charles River by the Ancient Illuminated Alumni of M.I.T. but, by Ghu, it's feudalism, which, in case anyone hasn't heard, didn't work out.] The last imaginative government of any real worth appeared in Aldous Huxley's ISLAND. There's been a lot of time in between, People, in which we have seen The Intergalactic Big Brother Order of THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS and Startrek, along with the rather stupid systems of THE DISPOSSESSED and other sorrows, and the re-heated monarchies, and other fascinatingly outdated systems,

ALTHOUGH

of DUNE and THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE [THE MOTE...is a fascinating book, wonderfully imaginative and well-written, and didn't get what it deserved but there was no really interesting alternative system of economics and government...and it really didn't need one.] John Brunner and Robert Heinlein, among others, have considered alternative systems but what we require is not for the purpose of better literature but for real life [whatever that is]. Phil Farmer called for such discussions [LACon] and I continue to support that idea. Such are the reasons for this column.

A person trains for a great number of years to become a doctor, a physicist, a chemical engineer, an architect, etc. The leaders of this country are trained only in the creation of confusion and manipulation of words [Law]. Far from being equipped to handle the job they are, almost without exception, the worst possible choices for the positions they hold. Can any nation survive this present complicated era under such inept leadership? I believe the answer is strikingly clear. I also believe that we have little time left to us to change this situation.

We require a certain quality from the drugs and food we produce in this country. From our drivers we require competence. We must make these same demands of those who hold public office. Under the present system a person can hold office if they didn't commit any really serious crime...or at least weren't caught doing it.

For the time being we must, at least, develop systems to weed out the incompetent, the misfit, and the opportunist. Political hacks and lackies must be severely punished. Revenge? Possibly but instead of giving them a country club prison [and only when they do something really nasty] an execution may be helpful. [Oh, I can see it now: "Execution?! He's a Nazi!"] No, do it to one and you'll see the rest quit right quick...of course there's the problem of the disgusting court system too. [In case people are wondering: try to find a copy of Senate Bill -1, The Criminal Code Reform Act...it effectively destroys what little is left of the Constitution...a supportive vote for such a monster must be construed as treason, as should all crimes committed in public office, and disposed of as such. Purposeful violations of the public trust must be understood, not as white-collar crime, but as an attempt to undermine the government of the United States. The minimum sentence should be a mandatory 20 years.] Besides I'd rather be taxed for 33¢...oops \$1.56, inflation, for electricity than 19,000+ dollars per year to keep them. [If you think that too harsh banishment would be ok too.] Governmental employees should make Scouting look filthy. [At present, politicians make junkies look like saints.]

For those who think my ideas too harsh, take a look at our present position. Like it or not, all government must have a power base of support to function. The general idea is to have as large a

power base as possible. Close examination of this one will show its base to be itself and a small minority of the business community. The apex of a pyramid which is larger than the base. How much longer will it last? The sane thing to do is to dismantle the top...verrrrry carefully...and reconstruct another bottom. You can then fit an alternate top on the new structure afterwards.

How can such a restructuring take place? Poul Anderson has a good idea when he advises the scrapping of the Democratic and Republican parties. The new Libertarian and Conservative parties [though I can't see how someone can be a true conservative and not be a libertarian] would easily constitute the new political system. A quick switch to the Austrian economic system would also be a step in the right direction [no pun intended] until a more suitable system, incorporating new technological developments [i.e. the one-time-only investment of capital, etc.], is formulated and experimentally tested [important!!!]

That should be sufficient to stimulate a bit of a discussion.

I shall continue Sherry Parries for the discussion of alternatives. Some topics I'd like to cover are: Commercial Television and other assorted trash from large corporations; Gun control and how to limit violent crime without depriving the citizens of their Constitutional rights; New economic systems for a technological age...starting with Golden Age Athens and Theobald's Guaranteed Annual Income; The tidal rise and fall of cities; Possible new Democratic systems in regards to modern communications and computer technology; The use [if any] of the United Nations; the restructuring of the tax system with emphasis on bloated bureaucrats and the Constitutional right to be rich; and other little ditties.

Notes: To all those unfamiliar with zines...any letters of comment [locs] sent will be printed, if they're worth it, unless marked 'DNQ'...return address will also be printed unless accompanied by a request to withhold it.

Last minute news: Today, 22nd of December 1975, I got a job offer which I am accepting.

I've completed the first draft of two short stories. The second story, my first dramatic attempt, is already in the middle of the second draft. The finished product should be ready by the middle of January. Whether or not I attempt to sell it is still undecided.

To those who sent/will send Christmas cards: [especially, so far, Rose Hogue, Jackie Hilles, Will Norris, John Andrews, and Kingston Kane] I shall not, due to economic circumstances, send out cards this year. I extend my wishes to you, and all others reading this, for a very Merry

Christmas (or whatever) and a healthy, happy, and prosperous New Year.

THE WHAT WAS SLIPPED, RIPPED, AND FOLDED THRU MY MAIL SLOT DEPT.

I had intentions of doing lengthy reviews on zines and whatnots but shall not. If you're interested in finding out what they are get them. Where there are exceptional issues I shall make a notation. They are listed in no particular order.

NIT-WIT 1 Newsletter of the Ontario Science Fiction Club (OSFiC). It replaces SYNAPSE which left with Taral Wayne Mac Donald. Free with membership. [\$6.00/year] For information: OSFiC c/o BAKKA, 282 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario, M5V 2A1, Canada....or the editor, Michael Harper, P.O. Box 105, Bond Head, Ontario, L0G1B0, Canada.

MEMORIES OF THE STARSHIP ANIARA...Perzine of Bud Webster, P.O.Box 5519, Richmond, Virginia, 23220. Available for the usual or 35¢/issue, \$1.50/6, \$2.50/12. Great zine.

HILLESIAN FIELDS...Perzine of Jackie Hilles, 6731 Meadowburn Drive, Richmond, Virginia 23234. Available for the usual and the unusual. Phenomenal.

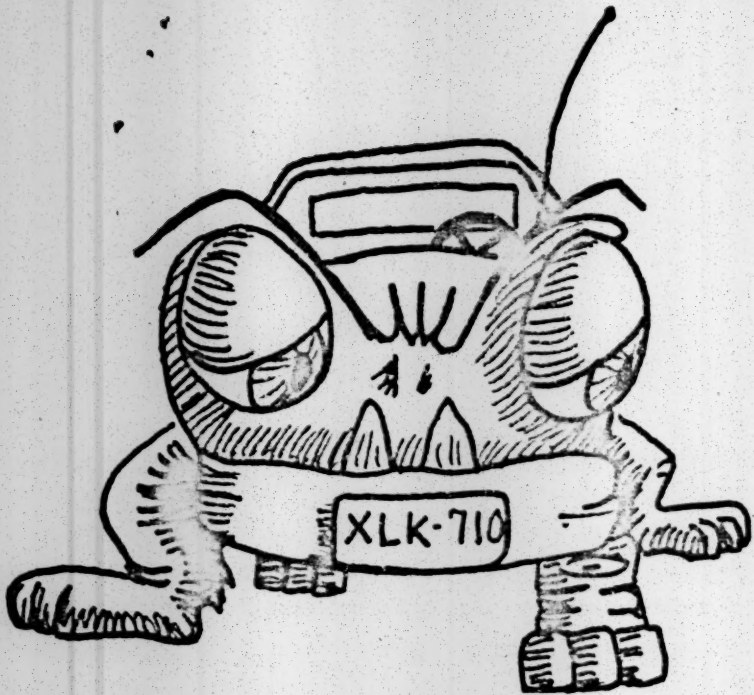
HEADS WILL ROLL #1...Perzine of Will Norris, 1073 Shave Road, Schenectady, N.Y. 12303. Will's stuff is always great.

SCOTTISHE...from Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6OL United Kingdom. 2 issues/year. Trades, 2/50p or \$1.00. U.S.Agent: Andrew Porter, Box 4175, New York City 10017. All sorts of goodies in a comfortable atmosphere.

VERT #1...from Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance, CA 90501. Not for \$ and trades only by arrangement. Contains a great, snotty, nasty, blood-letting, clawing-cat, poetic, and viciously theatrical review of Delany's DHALGREN by Guess Who(Yup! Harlan Ellison's still at it). I've written my comments to Gil so maybe next issue he'll print them. Great issue though.

HARBINGER...by Reed Andrus, 1717 Blaine Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108. MAAAAAAGNIFICENT! The best is Reed's own editorial but the rest is really good!...trade, contribution, or money...the last Reed can put to good use and it's worth it.

Other ditties in the mailbox of late are ALGOL, OUTWORLDS, MAYBE (very good issue), GHOSTICA NEWS (recently contained a fine article on Norse religions by Poul Anderson & work by Fritz Leiber), THE GREEN EGG, etc etc etc. If you want the addresses write me. They're all pretty well known so I shall not include them.



BTB/WR Department of Psycho-Automotive Research presents...

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

a clever essay on whatever the topic happens to be.

A certain mystique has arisen around the American automobile. We live in a society in which people drive about in their steel robots and watch reality pass before them. A drive-in movie sans mosquitoes. As the driver watches life go on about its business, outside, the boundaries of his person grow and finally enclose the automobile. For the hitchhiker, to enter the auto is to enter the Inner Sanctum of the operator; to enter the driver's self. This is known as Walsh's Theory of the Internal Combustion Ego V:8.

Those who drive by and sneer sadistically at the rain-drenched figure with the extended digit are those who are ill-disposed to engaging in personal contact to the point of physically assaulting the individual who approaches them. The more extreme cases will gleefully direct their ego-car, at top speed, to the general area of the hitchhiker.

Those who speed by while pretending not to notice are similar to those persons of an earlier age who would ignore proffered hands, bows, and smiles of recognition. This breed is not one which suffers from over-confidence. This form of psycho-automotive disease is very often exhibited by those who have experienced previous disappointments. [A typical form of disappointment is the familiar case of the female driver who puts her male hitchhiker through law school on their cross-country trip from New York to San Francisco, where he abandons her to enter the lucrative profession of organic fruit juice vendor. She is left behind with only a warm passenger seat and an infant car-pilot to recall her past days of bliss.] In some of the more extreme cases this denial of recognition leads to unintentional self-destruction. [In these cases the driver is so intent upon ignoring the hitchhiker that they fail to notice that the road turns sharply. They are found, scattered among the rocks, some 800 feet below.]

Aside from the psycho-automotively well adjusted individual there are two types who will honor requests for transportation. The first is a group known as 'Knights of the Road'. These people will gladly pick up hitchhikers but will admonish them for doing it. They have been known to dispense tips on tactics, food, advice and information and, in some cases, clothing. This group is comprised mostly by truckers.

The second is a group of individuals who will pick up thumbers solely for the purpose of assault. It was long thought that this group was badly maladjusted. In the year 1997, however, Dr. Sigmund Ford, of the Institute for Psycho-Automotive Research in Detroit, theorized that such a condition of mind was due to the improper burning of low-lead gasolines. This was, at first, considered heresy and Dr. Ford's ideas went underground for thirty years.

Somewhere around 2032 the theory emerged and found much popular support. It wasn't long before every gas station was equipped with a complete medical and psychiatric staff who doubled as minor mechanics and gas pumpers. This was simply the logical extension of the development which occurred in the late 20th Century. I quote from THE FIRST AND LAST CARS by Olaf Sedandavill.

"...and soon thereafter the highways multiplied, drive-ins abounded, and the world became a driver's paradise."

Sedandavill states later on in his text...

"Drive-in restaurants and drive-in movies gave way to drive-ins unimaginable to the minds of an earlier day. Banks, churches, hotels, homes, and, eventually, the family play room were constructed to handle autos of every size and shape."

And further on...

"At this time (2950 AD) a cult arose that was to solidify these changes. They called themselves 'Hackers' and were followers of the new god, Saam-Jul-Tee. (While these fanatics insisted their god once lived the only references to him are brief and are mostly concerned with mythology) The philosophy of the Hackers, who were also known as 'Checkerites', grew and in a scant fifty years became the religion of the world."

In THE SETTING OF THE PRECEDENT 3004 by T.H. Wytseidwahlz the author reflects:

"Although man never did acquire control over nature, the illegality of humans to emerge from their automobiles produced such an atmosphere that they were quite unable to tell what the weather was."

A writer, who lived in that era, Arthur C. Carpark, wrote, in his collection of essays entitled TALES FROM THE WHITE DART, the following:

"Very soon it became impossible for the populace to move about in their cars. Everyone just settled back and idled. Gasoline supplies ran out and here we wait, already stalled, for the end to come."

Little besides that is known of the last days of the human race. The only other information was found in the reconstructed version of the fifth millenium edition of Harry Seldom and Clarence Never's ENCYCLOPEDIA GALAKTIKA:

"And it came to pass that the Pohlaris mission to the new planet, [most probably Earth] called Tammuz, found the surface made entirely of steel, glass, and plastic. The second layer consisted of rubber. No further explorations were considered to be advantageous and so all plans for future missions were scrapped."

So ends the human race. Now that we all know the ending I see no reason for sitting around and watching it happen. Me? Well, I'm going to change the channel.

Click....zzsssssst....click. Heeeeeeeeeere's Jooohhnnie.
DA DA DUM DADA...

You are getting this zine because:

- ☒ I love/like/respect/admire you.
- ☒ You have shown great taste and wise perception by your past favorable responses.
- ☒ I owe you something.
- ☒ I'd like a loc...but only if you want to. A half-hearted loc is useless and many of you are too busy. **PROBABLY.**
- ☒ You're an Erisian.
- ? ☒ You're a Fonghooan.
- ☒ You're a pro who has taught me much/given me enjoyment.
- ☒ You're one of us/them.
- ☒ I want to thank you for something.
- ☒ We correspond. **once in a while**.
- ☒ We share a common neurosis.
- ☒ You think elephants would be funny if they had feathers.
- ☐ You thought I wrote WAR AND PEACE under a pseudonym.
- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ No reason at all comes to mind.
- ☐ No mind at all comes to reason.
- ☒ To no mind all reason comes at.
- ☒ You are mentioned on page(s) 1.

Good luck with the book!

CREDITS: artwork, page 5: Al Costanza. All else: the editor.